



CUPID'S FEATHERS.



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PUCK
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Cartoons and Comments

FILLING THE TARIFF TOOTH.

SUPPOSE — we are only supposing — that you had an ulcerated tooth which was giving you lots of trouble. You betook yourself to a dentist and asked him to fix it for you. Still dealing in suppositions, suppose the dentist found a cavity the size of a barn door, and proceeded to fill it forthwith, making no attempt to allay the inflammation or to treat the tooth; just filling it. Would you say that such a dentist knew his business? Or that anything but a miracle could prevent the tooth in question from giving you more pain and trouble than ever it gave before? Probably not; but, you add, who would allow a dentist to do such a foolish thing; and besides, what dentist would? One dentist would, gentle reader, and a whole lot of people let him. His name is Congress, and the ulcerated tooth is the Protective Tariff. Every little while this tariff tooth begins to ache unbearably and CONGRESS, D.D.S., is asked in frantic tones to ease it, to fill it, to fix it so that it will stay fixed. And does Congress allay the inflammation which for years has been getting worse? Does Congress treat the tooth? Does it go to the bottom of the trouble and remove the source of the pain, or in other words, the favoritism, the graft, the hypocrisy? Not so. Congress simply seals the tooth up tight without cleaning it, with all the trouble-making elements seething inside, does it as quickly as possible "so that business will not be disturbed," and hurries the patient away. Now, the funny part of it, or the pathetic part of it, is that when the tariff toothache comes on worse than before, as it always does, the fool patient goes right back and is satisfied with the same fool dentistry. Perhaps it is the pain, the pain incidental to prolonged but

necessary treatment, that the patient dreads, but he ought to know by this time, we should think, that the pain of an honest revision of the tariff, without hypocrisy, without bluff, and boldly in the interests of all the people, would be far easier to bear than the nagging ache and sensitiveness of a tooth filled hastily, with the gases and decay undisturbed, or a tariff hastily revised, leaving undisturbed the gases of favoritism and the decay of injustice. There is danger, too, that if the right sort of treatment is delayed too long the tooth will have to be pulled; and this simply means that the longer the protective tariff is tinkered with in-

sincerely, selfishly, and "boneheadedly," the surer to come will be the era of no protective tariff at all. Abandoning the metaphor, agitation over the tariff will not cease until the basis of revision is justice, and not compromise, subterfuge, and deceit. Being told that prices of necessities are high in America because "America does not raise or make enough for its own use," and in the same breath being coolly informed that in selling American goods abroad cheaper than they are sold at home the Trusts are but disposing of "their surplus product," is not tending to make the American masses any more patient or lenient with tariff temporizing as the years roll on. There is a finish somewhere. Somewhere in the book of fate are inscribed the day and the hour. Whether the finish will be a dignified acceptance of the inevitable or an unnerving crash rests entirely with the national common-sense.



IN A COUPLE OF CENTURIES, PERHAPS.
PUCK.—When will you learn, Uncle, that a man can't pull himself over a fence by his bootstraps?

SOMETIMES a girl and a man will know and like each other for quite a few months or years before coming to the dramatic conclusion that they simply *must* share the same name. And by a similar token, we presume, the Progressive wing of the Democratic Party and the Progressive wing of the Republican Party will likewise know and care for each other for quite a while before realizing that *they* too must share the same name, whatever that name may be on future ballots. The Republican Party is as widely split as a baked potato, and in the Democratic Party also are elements which distinctly fail to blend. There can be no real harmony until there is less of it. Or, in other words until the breach between the Progressives and Reactionaries in both parties becomes so wide that all attempts at healing it will be recognized as hopeless.

THE MAN WHO KICKS.

PHILOSOPHERS may tell you that an everlasting smile
Is better than a mixture, half-and-half,
Of smiles and frowns used alternately every little while,
An I that the world will love you if you laugh.
But I have often noticed that the man who's always kind,
And smiles no matter how hard he's been hit
Gets what the kickers would n't take, and you will always find:
The man who kicks some gets the best of it.

I've seen it in my daily walks through life, and while I know
That frowns bring favors sometimes when a smile
Would fail, I try to smile a little everywhere I go,
And often miss the best things by a mile.
I've seen it in the hotels as I waited for my meals,
While kickers came and almost had a fit
That made all hands step lively, and it's so in other deals:
The man who kicks some gets the best of it.

The man who smiles continually and never makes a kick
Will be imposed upon and often sold,
For merchants like to sell their goods and always turn the trick
Of passing out what's damaged or is old
To one who does not raise a howl and kick for something new,
Although the things they sell to him do not fit.
I like the smiling method best, but still I know 't is true:
The man who kicks some gets the best of it.

Chas. H. Meiers.



THOSE DISTURBING RUMORS.

JAPANESE HOST. — Then you think the United States is ready for war?
VISITOR. — Sure of it! I know positively that their Government within
twenty-four hours can put a sling-shot into the hands of every Boy Scout
in the country.

BROMIDES OF A SPRING GARDENER.

THERE is a flavor and a relish about vegetables grown in one's own
garden not to be found in those purchased from a huckster.

I love the smell of the freshly-turned soil; it stimulates the soul to
noble thoughts, just as the turning of it stimulates the appetite for early
morning breakfast.

The economic value of a personally-conducted garden dwells not so
much within the cost of things as within the peace and quiet of digestive
equipments and the satisfactory assimilation of food.

There is zest and joy in watching green things grow — an exhilarating
exultation of beating one's neighbor to it.

"A primrose by the river's brim a yellow primrose was to him, and
it was nothing more" — but there are many varieties of tomatoes.

How much of iron, of phosphate, of starch, of this, that, and the
other does a given article of diet contain, and how should those things be
proportioned rationally at table?

The studious and successful
gardener knows.

It is not the quantity
that is raised in the
garden — it is the
quality that counts.

To him who in the
love of Nature holds
communion with her
visible forms there
frequently is much
poetry in potatoes
and peas.

All that is planted
does not come up,
wherefore all that
comes up is abund-
antly welcome.

The man with the
hoe is not a tragedy
— he is a Spring
song.

James B. Nevin.



THE STEIN SONG.

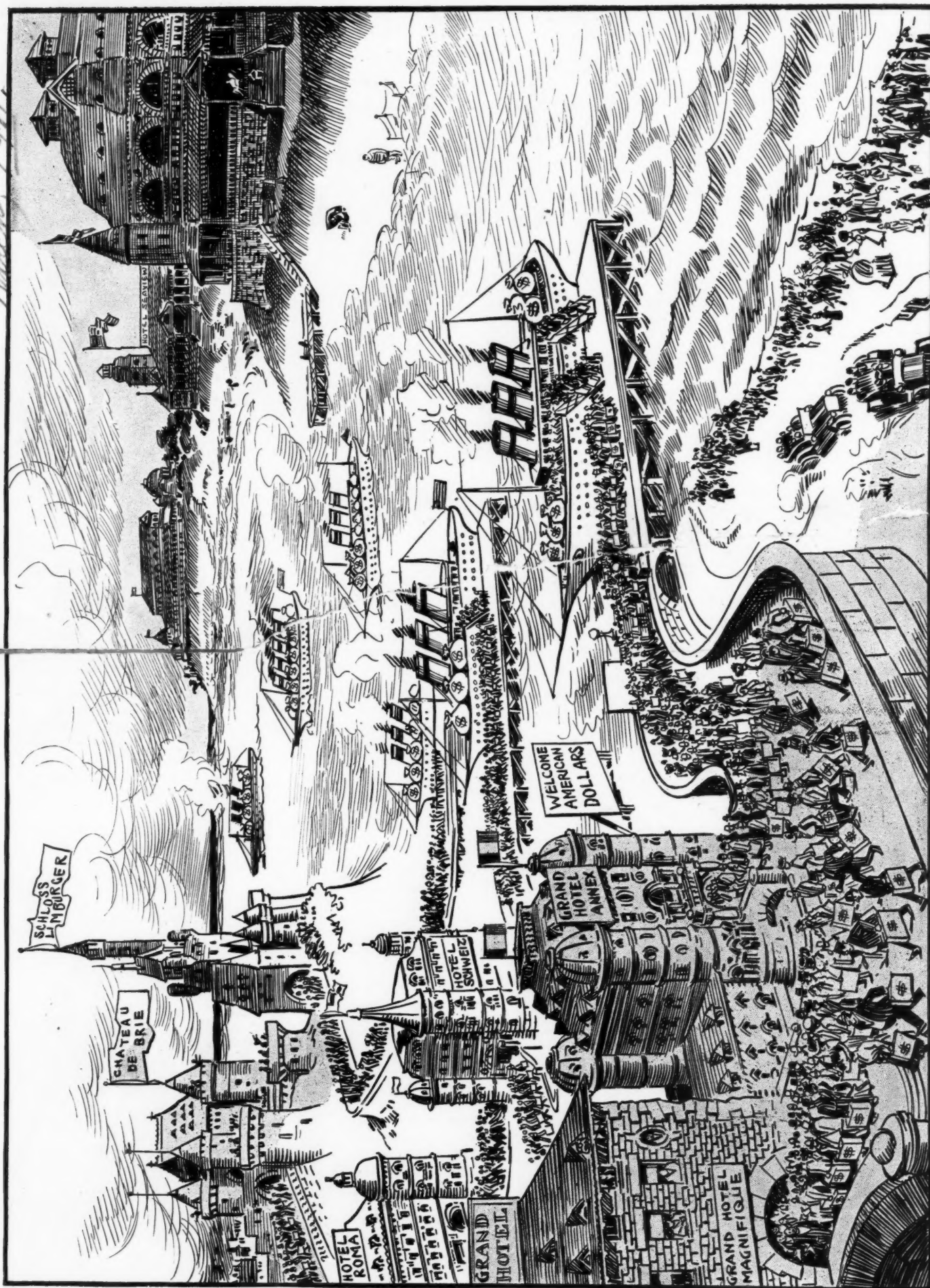


THE PACE.

The Rhinoceros surveyed the world complacently. "After all, I set
the pace, in a manner of speaking!" quoth he.

Whereat the other beasts burst out laughing.

"Well, it's a fact," the Rhinoceros insisted. "Tell me, please, where
would civilization be if it were not for men with hides like mine?"



WELCOME, AMERICAN DOLLARS!
THEY MAKE IT HERE; THEY SPEND IT THERE.



LIKE GAS, LIKE SUN.

MISTRESS.—The sunshine does n't appear to be very strong this morning, Bridget.

BRIDGET.—No mum; but Oi suppose iverybody is usin' av it at this hour av the day, mum!

THE REPORTER'S LAMENT.

I THINK I'll have to look for a new job," said Ralph, the reporter, gloomily, as he dropped in on his old friend Bill.

"What's the city editor been calling you down now for?" asked Bill with a wise air.

"It was n't a call-down this time," replied Ralph; "it was a bit of unqualified praise."

"Shoot, pal," was Bill's comeback. "I'm all ears."

"I've heard people complain about that, but I thought you would be the last to mention it," Ralph told him. "Now, keep your goat in leash, and I'll *spiel* the tale:

"The old man sticks me with a morning assignment last year on Memorial Day. I'm to lose my beauty sleep and get up at ten o'clock and write up the parade. It's bad enough for a morning-newspaper man to get up in time to report at one o'clock. So I decided to cure the boss by giving him the mushiest sort of a story, and I write a lot of guff about the thin line of heroes who had fought and bled in their country's cause. He comes around afterward and says: 'Bully boy, that's the kind of a story! People like sentiment on an occasion like this.'

"This year the old man hands me the same job, and I decide to cure him, and so I write him the dryest sort of a story about 'five hundred veterans of the G. A. R. being in line, followed by the ladies of the W. R. C. in carriages.' I throw in all the statistics I can. Afterward he comes around and says: 'That's the kind of a story! Too much of this sentiment and soft stuff is nauseating. I'll bet the other papers slop all over with it, and nobody wants that sort of stuff.'

"Now I ask you, Bill, in all sincerity, what show have I got of escaping the next early holiday assignment?"

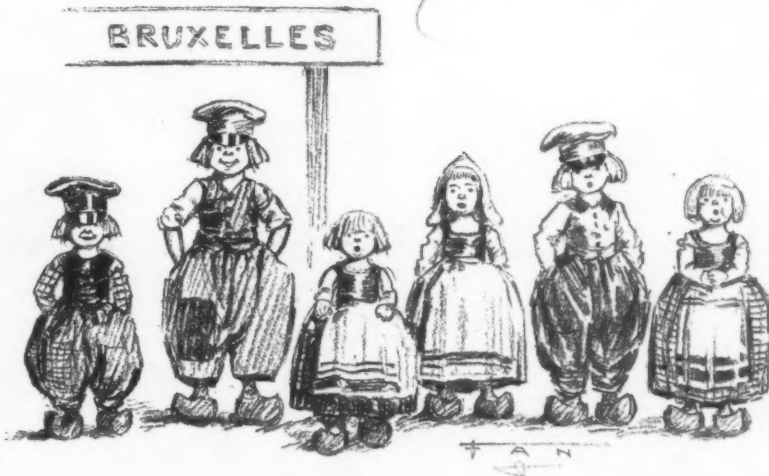
Bill finished polishing the bar, and then, carefully weighing his words,

made answer: "There are four things you can't figure: A city editor, a jury, the Supreme Court, and a woman. And furthermore, you got to take 'em as they come."

Whereupon Ralph conceded the truth of the observation and decided to retain his job.

ROY R. ATKINSON.

HE is building an immense artificial mountain on his country estate." "Well, I guess it comes sort of natural for him to put up a bluff."



A BUNCH OF BRUSSELS SPROUTS.

The world seems to be full of people who want what they want when they want it, without really knowing what it is they want.

BALLADE BELOW STAIRS.



FRANK A. HANKYVELL



WHEN we were accepted by Bridget O'Day,
"John," said I, "we've discovered a prize!
With her in the kitchen housekeeping is play,
Think, my dear, of her *patés* and pies!"
She turned out a traitor in female disguise,
Jewels she stole like the blackest of crooks.
The essence of truth in this sentiment lies—
"God sends meat, and the devil sends cooks!"

Then Gretchen-the-Strong took us under her sway;
Plates she smashed right in front of our eyes!
The damage she wrought proved our utter dismay,—
All our china she treated likewise!
Though feminine weaklings we truly despise,
Maids à la Samson we cross off our books;
In the face of these words every argument flies—
"God sends meat, and the devil sends cooks!"

But to better conditions we thought we'd essay—
To a *chef*, we declared, we must certainly rise;
And just when our courage was ebbing away,
Fate replied to our suppliant cries.
That François was drunk all the time, we surmise,
Flasks were found in the queerest of nooks.
Oh, won't some high power this edict revise?—
"God sends meat, and the devil sends cooks!"

ENVOI.

Dear ladies! Remember, when you advertise
Treachery lurks beneath innocent looks,
And we'll never delight in domestic franchise
While God sends meat, and the devil sends cooks!

Anne P. L. Field.

A ROMANCE OF THE FIELDS.

I.
HENRY GUY DE MAUPASSANT, Jr., gazed
upon her in sullen silence. Then plunged
the sharp instrument into her bosom. "Yield!"
he cried.

A dog barked.

II.
A cock crew. It was dawn.
Henry Guy DeMaupassant, Jr.'s
gloomy eyes again were bent upon
her mutilated form. "It is the
pride of our race that we con-
quer you. Yield!" he commanded
once more. And anew she writhed
beneath the pitiless steel, but not a
sound escaped her.

The same dog barked—at a cat,
possibly; but this is an interpolation.

III.
Weeks had passed. Her wounds
were healed. Henry Guy DeMau-
passant, Jr., gloated over her in
triumph. "At last!" he cried. "She
yields—full ten bushels to the acre."
And he fondled the ripening corn.

The wind was amorous with the
hum of bees.

A dog—

IV.
All Nature loved. A rippling
stream wound lazily through the
lush meadow-land and crept into
the woods. Upon its banks Henry
Guy DeMaupassant, Jr., sat, his
eyes riveted upon a speck that
floated on the water. A long, lance-
like stave was in his hand. . . . He
was fishing.

The dog slept.

Powell T. Manning.

MADE TO ORDER.

THRICE blessed the smile of the face sincere,
But what will the spirit damp
Like the face that smiles with a smile that seems
Put on with a rubber stamp?



NEW VERSION.

OLD PARTY.—Ah! Playing "London Bridge is Falling Down?"
GWENDOLYN RICHDA.—Oh, no. We're playing "Papa's ten-
story building is being razed to make room for a forty-story skyscraper."

THE SEVEN WONDERS.

I WONDER if my wife will stand for that "night-
work-at-the-office" gag again?
I wonder who I can touch for a loan?
I wonder if he will come again to-night?
I wonder whether he's holding
a good hand or only bluffing?
I wonder how she keeps from
showing her age?
I wonder if that's her last year's
hat made over?
I wonder how they keep up ap-
pearances on his salary?

NOWADAYS.

WILLIS.—Bump has an elegant
home, has n't he?
GILLIS.—Yes; it has all the
comforts of traveling.

LOVE.

SHE.—I hate you, hate you, hate
you, despise you, loathe you!
HE.—When will the wedding
be, dearest?

REFORMED FOR FAIR.

"MY wife married me to reform
me."
"Did she succeed?"
"Yes, thoroughly. I would n't
marry again if I lived to be as old
as Methuselah!"

HIS INTERPRETATION.

MRS. HORNBEAK (*in the midst
of her reading*).—My good-
ness! What's this country coming to?
Here is an article headed: "A Barten-
der to Every Two School-teachers."
FARMER HORNBEAK.—By hickory!
How them professors do drink!

PUCK

A LAPSE OF MEMORY.



BOSTON, eh?" said the free-and-easy passenger to the stranger in the seat by his side on the Forked Lightning Express. "I was in Boston myself once, some sixteen or seventeen years ago—or no, come to think of it, it was nearer twenty years ago. I remember I stayed on—on—on—what in time *was* the name of that street? I had it at my tongue's end a second ago, and now it's gone from me. I've an awful poor memory for names. Seems to me the street name began with D, and it—no, I believe it began with R. It was something like Ralston or Revere or Ross Street. Queer I can't remember that name! It was pretty well uptown and near a little park called—what *was* the name of that park? I had it in mind when I first began to talk. It was something like Westley or Waverly or—is there a park there called Weston?"

"I never heard of such a park."

"No? Well, the real name has gone from me. Come to think of it, I believe the name began with S instead of W. I had a cousin living near the park—or rather he was my wife's cousin. Possibly you know him? His name is—is—well if that don't beat me! I know that man's name as well as I know my own, and I had it right on the end of my tongue half a minute ago. He was in the real-estate business. Kind of lost all track of him in recent years. What in thunder was his name? Something like Simpson or Sisson. He married a Boston girl from one of the old families there, named—er—er—what *was* that name? Regular blue-blood aristocrats they were, and—seems to me the name began with Van. If my wife were here she would remember the name. She has the greatest memory for names. She had another cousin there—a kind of a third or fourth cousin—that we called on. You may know her husband—a very tall man—striking looking—man of a good deal of prominence—had an office on—what *was* that street? Little, narrow, crooked street. His name was—seems to me it was Frost, and yet—no, that was n't the name. It was more like French. My wife would know in a minute. Greatest woman for names and faces! I remember faces, but names



MR. SHORT'S WAY OF DOING IT.



A MATTER OF TRAINING.

SHE walked with such a wond'rous grace
It pleased my artist eye,
She did not hobble round the place
On heels three inches high.

She was not laced, nor braced, nor stayed,
Her hair no puffs e'er knew;
But all the charms that she displayed
From Nature's store she drew.

What's that? "Where did I meet with her?
In what place is she prized?"
She was a South-Sea Islander
Who was n't "civilized!"

Chas. C. Jones.

get away from me. I never forget a face. I met a man once down in—what *was* the name of that little town down in Georgia? Engine to our train broke down and we had to stay there over an hour. Seems to me the name of the town was Brayton, or Braxton, or Brayville—began with B. I'm sure of that. Anyhow, I met a man there I had n't seen for twenty years and I remembered his face the instant I laid eyes on him. His name was—well, that name's gone from me. That's the way it is every time I try to remember a name. I remember that when I was in Boston I fell in with a very agreeable man who was in the wool business down near the wharf—small man with a

sandy beard—wore glasses, and was half bald. What *was* his name? Don't happen to know a wool man named Hooper there in Boston, do you? No? Well, it seems to me that was his name, but I can't be sure of it. We spent one night in a little town about ten miles from Boston. What *was* the name of that town? Seems to me it was west of the city. I know we walked across the Common to get our car. My wife could tell you in a second. Greatest memory for—I have to get off here. If you happen to see any of my friends when you get back to Boston I wish you'd remember me to them. I have n't a card, but my name is Wig— What in time am I thinking of? You know I have a half-brother named Wiggins, and half the time I give his name for my own because our names are so much alike, and—my name is—I got to rush or I'll be carried on! Glad to have met you! Wish I could remember—good-by!" M. W.

A SERIOUS LOSS.

"HELLO, Eben! What's the news up your way?"

"Oh, nothin' much, I guess. Old Bottomlands lost that old mare o' his'n last week. Thet old bone-heap he kep' to trade with."

"Thet so? What did she die of?"

"Oh, she hain't dead. He swapped with 'nother feller, thet's all. You know he was allus swapping her off to somebody, an' then, when they found out she was balky and blind in one eye, and no-count anyhow, they'd bring her back and give him a little somethin' to boot to give her own horse back. Well, he swapped her fer an old gray horse thet belonged to one of the Thornton boys over on Maple Hill about a week ago."

"Thornton purty mad?"

"No, guess not; but old Bottomlands is. Thornton ain't fetched her back yit, and the old man's purty worried. He's talkin' o' goin' over an' buyin' her back. Says she ben worth 'bout fifty dollars a month to him right along. Haw! Haw! Haw! Say, how much did ye git fer your taters?" Walter G. Doty.



NO OBSTACLE.

SMITH.—I want to sue Jones for damages for being run down by his automobile, but I'm afraid he has no money.

LAWYER.—Oh, that's all right. I can use his car.

No pessimist is perfect until he be utterly without desire to punch a slot machine twice in expectation of a second cake.



THE PUCK PRESS

THE HELPING

PUCK



HELPING HAND.



WEEK BEGINNING APRIL TWENTY-FOURTH.

Academy of Music, 14th and Irving Pl. Academy of Music Stock Co. in repertoire. Evenings 8:15.

Astor, Bway and 45th. "What the Doctor Ordered," with Holbrook Blinn. Evening 8:15. A new comedy.

Belasco, Bway nr. 44th. "The Concert," with Leo Ditrichstein. Evenings 8:15. Americanized version of a German farce.

Bijou, Bway and 30th. "The Confession." Evenings 8:15. A modern religious drama.

Broadway, Bway and 41st. Lew Fields in "The Henpecks." Evenings 8:15. A musical panorama in nine pictures.

Casino, Bway and 39th. Louise Gunning in "The Balkan Princess." Evenings 8:15. An imported musical novelty in three acts.

Collier's Comedy, 41st bet. Bway and 6th Av. William Collier in "The Dictator." Evenings 8:30. A revival of William Collier's comedy.

Columbia, Bway and 47th. Burlesque. Daily matinees 2:15. Evenings 8:15.

Criterion, Bway and 44th. "Thais." Evenings 8:15. A dramatization from the opera of "Thais."

Daly's, Bway and 30th. Robert Mantell in Shakspearean repertoire. Evenings 8:15.

Empire, Bway and 40th. William Gillette in "Held by the Enemy." Evenings 8:15. A drama of the Civil War.

Gaiety, Bway and 46th. "Excuse Me." Evenings 8:15. A Pullman carnival in three sections.

Garden, 27th and Madison Ave. Mildred Holland and company in repertoire. Evenings 8:15.

George M. Cohan's. "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," with Hale Hamilton. Evenings 8:15. A new view of the confidence-man.

Globe, Bway and 46th. "Little Miss Fix-It," with Nora Bayes and Jack Norworth. Evenings 8:15. A comedy with songs.

Grand Opera House, 8th Av. and 23d. Lina Ababarnell in "Madame Sherry." Evenings 8:15.

Hammerstein's Victoria, 42d St. and Bway. All-Star Vaudeville. Daily Matinees. Evenings 8:15.

Herald Square, Bway and 35th. "Every Woman." Evenings 8:15. A modern Morality play.

Hippodrome, 6th Av., 43d and 44th. "Marching Through Georgia," Ballet of Niagara, The International Cup. Evenings at 8. Spectacular and circus acts.

Hudson, Bway and 44th. Blanche Bates in "Nobody's Widow." Evenings 8:30. A farcical romance by Avery Hopwood.

Irving Place. Irving Place Theatre Stock Company. In repertoire. Evenings 8:15.

Keith & Proctor's, Fifth Ave., Bway and 28th St. Belle Blanche, the Operatic Festival, Neil O'Brien, and others. Daily Matinees. Evenings 8:15.

Kuickerbocker, Bway and 39th. Ralph Herz in "Dr. De Luxe." Evenings at 8:15. A musical mixture.

Liberty, 42d St. W. of Bway. Christie Macdonald in "The Spring Maid." Evenings 8:15. A musical comedy.

Lyceum, Bway and 45th. Minnie Maddern Fiske in "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh." Evenings 8:15. An American comedy by Harry J. Smith.

Majestic, Bway and 39th. "Baby Mine." Evenings 8:15. A comedy farce.

Manhattan Opera House, 34th and 8th Ave. William Hodge in "The Man From Home." Evenings 8:15.

Maxine Elliott's, 39th St. nr. Bway. "The Deep Purple." Evenings 8:15. A play built around the badger game.

Nazimova's, 39th St. nr. Bway. John Mason in "As a Man Thinks." Evenings 8:15. A new play in four acts by Augustus Thomas.

New Amsterdam, 42d St. W. of Bway. "The Pink Lady." Evenings 8:15. A musical comedy founded on "La Satyre."

Republic Theatre, 42d near Bway. Frances Starr in "The Easiest Way." Evenings 8:15. Eugene Walter's play of to-day.

Shubert's New Winter Garden, 7th Av. and 51st St. Musical Revue with Kitty Gordon, Mizzi Hajós, and others. Evenings at 8. Continental idea of vaudeville.

The Playhouse, 48th and Bway. "Over Night." Evenings 8:15. A comedy farce.

Wallack's, Bway and 30th St. "A Certain Party," with Mabel Hite. Evenings 8:15. A rollicking musical farce.

Weber's, Bway and 29th. "The London Folies." Evenings 8:15. A musical extravaganza.

West End, 125th St. W. of 8th Av. "The Gamblers," with George Nash. Evenings 8:30. A drama of Wall Street life.

AND THEY ADJOURNED.

THE Mutual Admiration Society met and was called to order.

"What of all the things in this world do you like best?" asked the Girl, angling for a compliment.

"Beefsteak!" cried he, taken unawares, and a moment later the Society adjourned.



SLANG TO-DAY IS LANGUAGE TO-MORROW.

SMALL BOY OF THE FUTURE.—O, Mother! Just now I seen a bull pinching a lush — HIS MOTHER.—Charles, Charles, why don't you use better language? Say you saw a cop pinching a drunk. That's better!

BRIDGE.

BRIDGE first became popular with women of the Four Hundred, and is now played by the nine hundred and ninety-nine to prove that they are fashionable.

Among the White Lights.



If a man marries a good bridge-player, it is unreasonable for him to expect a good cook. To do one thing well is virtue enough.

Women at an afternoon bridge may play a strenuous game, but there is ample time during a deal for the analyzing of at least one reputation.

Evening bridge is arranged that the men may come. The married man has no alternative. The clever man is occasionally present, because he has lied himself into so many engagements that he begins to believe he really has them, and comes just to convince himself that he has n't.

Others at evening bridge include the intense player, the man who wants to go home, the giggling girl, and the cheerful idiot. The intense player has her eyes riveted on the cards, works as though life hung in the balance, and after the hand recalls that "I" could have taken another trick. Her partner stifles a yawn while she explains.

The man who wants to go home is really a general more than a distinctive type. He plays all his high cards first, draws the rest, apologizes profusely, and wonders if the clock is running on Philadelphia time.

The giggling girl is otherwise disturbing, but she has a great deal of money. The cheerful idiot is engaged to the giggling girl.

The joker is out—writing up the game.

William Sanford.

XX.—LOUISE GUNNING AND ROBERT WARWICK IN "THE BALKAN PRINCESS."

TOO OFTEN is the mantle of Charity louder than a Navajo blanket.

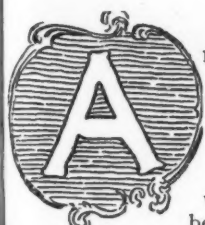
Arbitration sounds good—but with a bunch of corporation lawyers on each side, won't it cost more than war?



TAKING AN AWFUL CHANCE.

BURGLAR.—Lady, if you shoot, you'll break dat mirror an' have seven years' bad luck!

NO REMEDY.



AFTER the circus parade had passed yesterday," wearily said the landlord of the Polkville, Ark., tavern, "them two young ladies, Maxine and Lucille, that wait table here, got into sort of a dispute over which of 'em it was that the clown had winked at, each claimin' the credit, or discredit, I don't know which. One illustrated her views by beating the other over the head with the dinner-bell, while the other voiced her opinion with a ketchup-bottle. Of course, I understand how, being working ladies, they resent all insinuations that they are in any way my inferiors; but still, after the ketchup-bottle had spread most of its contents over the scene, and the clapper had flown out of the bell and broken a window, I sorter felt called upon to interfere and stop the fracas.

"No, it ain't worth while to fire 'em. Ladies will be ladies, and there ain't no help for it."



STRAIGHT DOWN.

PASSENGER.—Er—how far are we from land, Cap?
CAPTAIN.—About a mile.
PASSENGER.—A mile? Why, I can't see it.
CAPTAIN.—No; the water's too deep.



A MEDIAEVAL CONDITION.

Telephone Service— Universal or Limited?

TELEPHONE users make more local than long distance calls, yet to each user comes the vital demand for distant communication.

No individual can escape this necessity. It comes to all and cannot be foreseen.

No community can afford to surround itself with a sound-proof Chinese Wall and risk telephone isolation.

No American State would be willing to make its bound-

dary line an impenetrable barrier, to prevent telephone communication with the world outside.

Each telephone subscriber, each community, each State demands to be the center of a talking circle which shall be large enough to include all possible needs of inter-communication.

In response to this universal demand the Bell Telephone System is clearing the way for universal service.

Every Bell Telephone is the Center of the System

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SUSPICIOUS.

"What's the trouble, Mr. Rockingham? You look worried."

"I am," replied the aged millionaire who had married a young woman. "A deep, dark suspicion has entered my mind. My wife has compelled me to quit wearing rubbers."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

EXPERT TESTIMONY.

"Did they succeed in breaking their rich uncle's will?"

"Yes, indeed. They proved that the old man was crazy."

"How did they do it?"

"They put three people on the stand who swore that he preferred ragtime to grand opera."—*Detroit Free Press.*

LOVE SONG.

[Poem found in a padded cell.]

When the sun is in the north, my dear,
And the cow is on his nest,
When the ring is in the pawnshop, dear,
And the wheels in my head need rest,
Oh, then I think of you, my dear!
Oh, then I think of you!
Yes, then I think of you, my dear!
Ah, then I think of you!

—*London Opinion.*

NOT THEN.

"Do you think a memory for dates helps a man?"

"Sometimes," replied Farmer Corn-tassel. "But not when he is selling spring chickens."—*Washington Star.*

AN EXAMPLE.

"Pa, what's a metrical romance?"

"Well, this month's gas-bill is one."—*Toledo Blade.*

Milo

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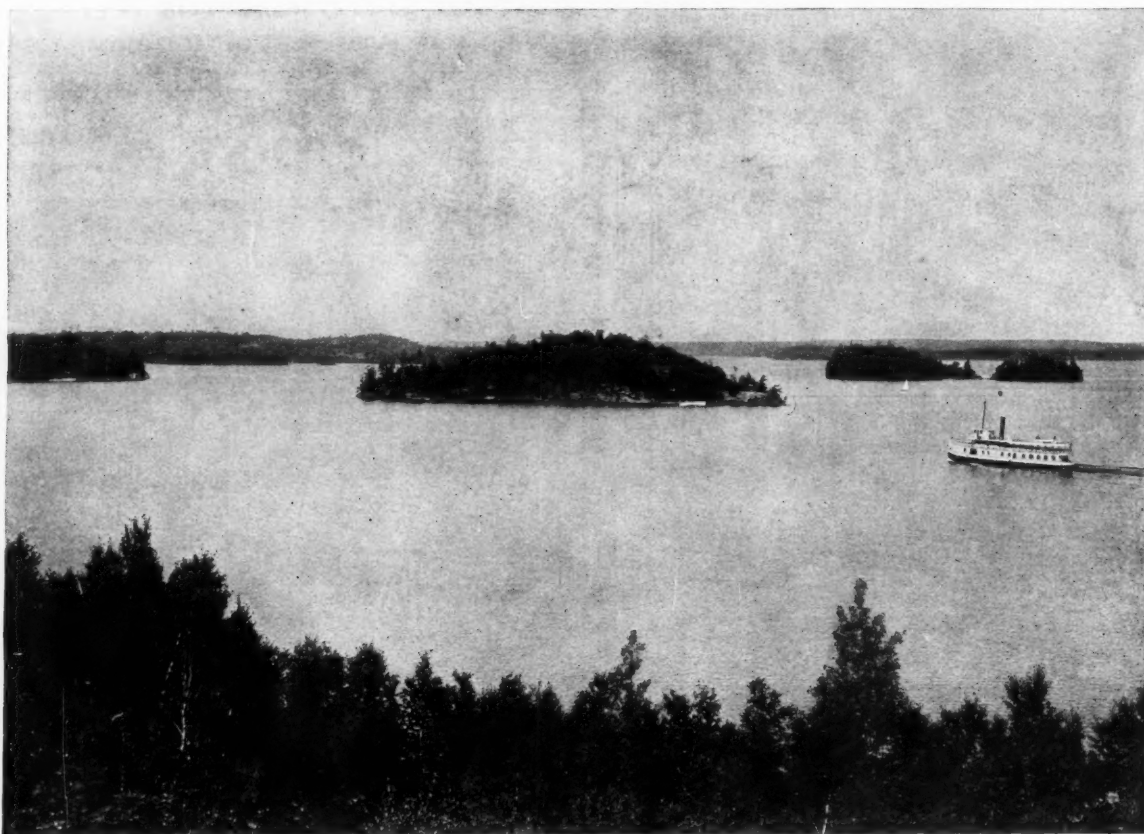
REVENGED.

A real joke was sprung by a student at the Western Reserve University recently. This student suffers from the stigma of obesity; it appears that even professors do not love a fat man. After a particularly unsuccessful recitation in English III, the professor said:

"Alas, Mr. Blank! You are better fed than taught."

"That's right, professor," sighed the youth, subsiding heavily, "you teach me—I feed myself."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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BRIGHT STUDENT.

"I understand you attend the class for mathematics?"

"Yes."

"How many sides has a circle?"

"Two," said the student.

"Indeed! What are they?"

What a laugh in the court the student's answer produced when he promptly said: "An inside and an outside!"

The examiner next inquired: "And you attended the moral philosophy class, also?"

"Yes."

"Well, you doubtless have heard lectures on various subjects. Did you ever hear one on cause and effect?"

"Yes."

"Does an effect ever go before a cause?"

"Yes."

"Give me an instance."

"A barrow being wheeled by a man." — *San Francisco Argonaut.*

THE French cabinet has resigned. It always does. — *Toronto Blade.*

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IN THE CAR.

HE.—Are you all right, dear?

SHE.—Yes, George.

HE.—The seat is not at all hard?

SHE.—Oh no.

HE.—Feel no draft?

SHE.—No, no!

HE.—And you are comfortable, dear?

SHE.—Yes, yes; but for gracious sakes, George, don't ask to change seats with me! — *Yonkers Statesman.*

SHY.

"Gustave's letters to me are exceedingly dull and commonplace," said one fair girl.

"Don't you know why?" responded the other.

"No."

"Gustave once served on a jury in a breach-of-promise case." — *Washington Star.*

STRUCK.

"I had one of those lightning lunches at the railway station," said J. Adam Bede, "and then I had thundering pains." — *Sunday Magazine.*

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MANY people feel very much like a little girl who got up one morning full of righteous resolves about which she said nothing. At the end of the day she went up to her mother in a flood of tears and a furious temper. "That beast of a nurse!" she cried. "I've been an angel all day, and I heard her telling Jane she knew I'd been up to some mischief, 'cos I'd been so very good! I'll be a devil to-morrow!" — *The Looking-Glass.*



BEFORE THE TREATMENT.



DURING.



AFTER.
— *Le Rire.*

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"He thinks he is—but he talks in his sleep."—*Chicago Tribune*.

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PROBABLY WOULD.

"That sentence is not incorrect," said the professor, "but it sounds odd to the English-speaking ear."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

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TEACHER.—Willie, did your father cane you for what you did in school yesterday?
PUPIL.—No, ma'am; he said the licking would hurt him more than it would me.
TEACHER.—What rot! Your father is too sympathetic.
PUPIL.—No, ma'am; but he's got the rheumatism in both arms.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

CLEVER INDEED.

"He seems to be very clever."
"Yes, indeed. He can even do the problems that his children have to work out at school."—*Detroit Free Press*.

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They evidently were spending their first night at the concert, and the young man was telling the young lady all about it. They talked loudly, for the young man was trying to make an impression on all within a ten-foot radius. He always anticipated the performers, and finally held his hand to his mouth as he said in an undertone:

"Deary, did you ever try to listen to music with your eyes closed? It's heavenly." Whereupon a man two rows behind leaned forward and said:
"Young man, try it with your mouth shut. It'll be a relief."—*Philadelphia Times*.

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COSTER (to his better half).—Nah, then, get off there and walk, can't yer!
D'yer fink the moke's a bloomin' 'Ercules?'—*London Opinion.*

PUTTING IT IN PRACTICE.

"Son, I hear you have joined the
Boy Scout movement."

"Yes, dad."

"Well, s'pose you scout ahead and
see if your mother is sitting up for me."
—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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The Ruin of Bobtail Bend

by James Burton Adams



THE WALL OF AN OLD GUN TOTTER OF THE ONCE WILD AND WOOLLY. BUT
NOW QUITE RESPECTABLE WEST.

In the early day in our own wild way we hurried the time along
in our Western style, an' in manner I'll admit was n't quite bong tong;
But the life we chose was our own, an' those who thought it was somewhat rude
had the right to skate, fur to pull their freight, to a moraler latitude.
Now I wish to say, in emphatic way, an' with honest sincerity,
That we've seed the end o' fun at the Bend, the fun that we used to see,
Fur the moral wave that has come to save the Bend from a sinful end
Has proved the ruin, the whole undoin', of pleasure at Bobtail Bend.

We could drink our booze in a way profuse an' buck at the faro games,
An' pound the floor till our hoofs was sore a-swingin' the dance-house dames,
An' we'd scrap an' fight to our hearts' delight with our other innocent sport,
With never a fear we would have to square ourselves in the justice court.
If a man should scoot down the final chute that leads to the by-an-by,
After leavin' his soul through a pistol hole, there was n't no hue-an'-cry,
But we'd plant him deep fur eternal sleep in respectable sort o' way
An' go on a spree to his memory, an' forgit the thing in a day.



But the railroad come with the beatin' drum o' the singin' Salvation gang,
An' the hills all 'round with the ruinous sound of encroachin' piety rang;
An' the eager throng that is drug along in the wake o' the boss o' steam
Came a-pourin' in to that nest o' sin in a rather unwelcome stream.
We was crowded back from the progress track in a damnable shameful way,
An' compelled to stand with the pistol hand unable to make a play;
An' the courts o' law we with sorrow saw a-backin' the moral game,
An' we dassent make a protestin' break through a wholesome fear o' the same.
The cheery noise o' the ol' time boys was drowned by the church's bell,
The voice o' prayer riz up on the air instead o' the whisky yell;
An' we heerd the cries o' the school kids rise an' echo along the stream,
An' the sportin' games an' the hotfoot dames winked out as a pleasant dream.
All the boys have gone, have mandered on, have scattered to other parts,
On the ol' hillside lie a few that died, I reckon, from broken hearts;
An', my race near run, I'm the only one that's left to await the end,
An' 'till Gabriel's horn I will sit an' mourn the ruin o' Bobtail Bend.

James Burton Adams.